

The Cart

Ferron

The strap that holds the cart in rein
Has been let loose by wearing thin
By wearing thin, by biting through
The shift in power leans to you

And the cart is on a wheel

I've wept with joy for the things I've done
And I've wept as hard for what I left undone
For what I left undone, for what I couldn't deem mine
For what I thought was yours and so I drew the line

And the cart is on a wheel
And the wheel is on a hill

I heard someone fall, I saw another one flail
I saw an arm dig deep where there was no rail
Well there is no rail and there's no because
Though the body be strong, the spirit is low

And the cart is on a wheel
And the wheel is on a hill
And the hill is shifting sand
And inside these laws we stand

If we are lives and souls to keep
If we are love, I hope we do not sleep
I hope we do not sleep, I hope we stay our ground
Hold fast to the mother as she turns us 'round

'Cause the cart is on a wheel
And the wheel is on a hill
And the hill is shifting sand
And inside these laws we stand

Hold fast to the mother, hold fast